#### Corning and Vicinity.

From Corning Mirror, July 16, 1909.

\_L. C. Thieman has a bumper wheat crop on the H. A. Dankers river farm. Mr. Thieman lost about 60 acres of his corn from the overflow, yet the yeld from the balance of his wheat will be good.

-The school board decided on Cashier Brenhardt Christen as treasurer and the People Bank as the depository for the school funds. The bank will allow the district 31 per cent on daily or monthly balances.

-We made a big effort to sell the water from around our shop and residence, but nobody wanted to buy it... and now it is beginning to drain off and leaving lots of mud. which we would like to sell to some good brick manufacturer who can easily turn it into brick.

L. C. Thieman had a big force to work this week moving all his buildings back from the Missouri River. They succeeded in getting them back about a quarter of a mile. The river had cut to a few steps of the old location, and they are taking steps by the forelock as the river will begin to cut in again as soon as it begins falling. On Wednesday morning it was running over the road between Len Walter's and J. A. Schmutte's.

.-On Sunday, July 11, 1909, Miss Florence Horn, of Craig, and Thos. Williams, of near Fairfax, were quietly! married in St. Joseph. Miss Horn during the past year was the very efficient teacher of the Lake Shore school. She had taught such a good school that the directors re-employed her for the scholastic year. The groom is a prosperous young farmer of the Fairfax vicinity. They will make their home on a farm near Fairfax.

#### Notice.

On July 31st, we will dicontinue giving egg tickets good for premiums. KREEK & HASNESS.

-Mrs. Ina Hoffmann has been quite sick.

-Charles Narans visited in King City, this week.

-Miss Eva Hunt is visiting relatives in Lincoln, Nebraska.

Jessie Schulte, of St. Joseph, is

at home for "Home-Coming." -Kreek & Hasness have swung a new awning in front of their store.

-Mrs. Nancy Watson, of Apache, Oklahoma, is very sick with malarial

-Both creamery houses will close at noon during Chautauqua, except

on Saturdays. -The county officers have made an agreement and will close their offices

at noon each day during Chautauqua. Mrs. Lydia McGinnis, of Wray, Colorado, is here for an extended visit with her daughter, Mrs. Lawrence

-Miss Cora Cummings,, of Wenona, linois is visiting her sister. Mrs C. B. Rayhill, and her numerous Holt

county friends. -Miss Elnora Sawyers, after a two weeks' visit with her young friend, Miss Essie Burrier, returned to her home in St Joseph, this week.

-Johnson Rayhill, of Kaycee, Wyoming, was one of the first to reach here for "Home-Coming," arriving

Tuesday evening of this week. -Arthur Huiser and Miss Alma Sipes, were united in marriege by Elder Dawson, at home, on Wednesday, of this week, July 21, 1909.

-Charley O. Denny, another of the dear old Oregen school boys, who has "made good" in life's battle, sends his regrets at not being able to come back home. Charley, dear boy, we'll

J. W. King, of the Lincoln district, met with an accident Tuesday of this week, July 20th, which may cost his life, as he is still in a serious condition. He had been having, and on Tuesday evening he had taken a load to his hay barn, and went to the loft to put it away. Evidently he had become over heated and fell from the loft to the ground below, causing concussion. He was at once taken to his home and medical assistance called, and everything possible is being done for him, and as long as there is life there is hope, and we do hope that our streets again.

-Many of the older of our citizens will remember with pleasure Mrs. Maggie Brownlee, and her son, Howard, who for years up to 1891, were residents here and owned and built the now Leona Zeller property. In a letter she expresses reget in being unable to come back home by reason of ill health. She and son have resided in Spokane, Washington, since they left here. She first came to Oregon in 1857, and was then a girl of sweet seventeen. She says in her letter: "The best years of my life were spent in Oregon. Many of the dear friends have passed away, but there are still a few of the steadfast friends there and it still seems like home, and my best wishes will always ATTORNEY - AT - LAW erly come before it. be with the friends that are left and the home of my youth."

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Farmer a great up-to-the-minute weekly newspaper These features, together with a Special Magazine Department, make up the Leading Farm, Home and Newspaper of the West.

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N. B.—This special arrangement with The Weekly Inter Ocean and Farmer is or a limited time only. Subscribers to The Weekly Inter Ocean and Farmer are assured that no papers will be sent after their subscriptions expire unless their subscriptions are renewed by cash payments.

#### Native Lumber For Sale.

My saw Mill is now in operation at a change for the better will take Big Lake. Parties desiring Native place and may soon see him on Lumber will do well to see me. Call and see me at Big Lake, or address JOHN F. IDEN.

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WANTED-YOUNG MAN from Holt county to prepare for desirable position in Govt. Eatl Service. Salary, 886. Kapid promotion to Sioo. Spiendid opportunity. Address Box One, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

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THE REPORT OF THE PARTY OF THE



All comrades of Meyer Post are hereby notified to assemble at the court the cream brings money now, but matransacting such business as may prop-

By order of W. H. HARDMAN. Commander.



SAVING BARNYARD MANURE.

How One Farmer Saved His Fertilizer for the Felds.

When we moved on our farm we found a small barn on the place, located away out in the middle of the field, some fifteen rods from the house, with no fence to keep the cattle from straying all over the meadow when they were brought in from the pas-

The manure made through the win-

er season wa sthrown out of the stable windows and left against the side of the barn till the time came to draw it out in the spring of the year. There the snows and the mins fell on it. There the sun beat down upon it and the frosts did their part toward steafing away the goodness of the fertilizer made from day to day. Away rem those heaps of manure ran a litle stream of rich liquid manure. In the spring the grass along the course of that little river was beautifully green. There was so much to be credted to the plan of storing the manure n that way, but no such streak folwed the path of the invisible streams of goodness that took their way towards he clouds. All one could see of that, was the cloud that rose of a sunshiny norning from the piles by the side of he barn, teiling surely of the fertility that was wasting its substance on the

Although we went to the farm from a life in the city we knew enough to e sure that that was no way to store parnyard manure. We needed every bit we could make on the farm. All hat went to fertilize the sky would do is no good.

So we made up our minds to change he program so that this loss might be stopped, continues this correspondent of Farmers' Review. And one day that parn found itself traveling across the fields to a site nearer to the house. It was set upon a basement and made about twice as large as it had been before. The stables were below the ground floor, and faced away from the shed in the rear, so that we could :hrow the manure out under the shed pack of the stock. There it was kept nice and dry through the winter

The horse stables were convenient to the cow stables, so that we could use the strawy part of the horse manure for taking up the liquid manure in the gutters behind the cows. This we believe to be a good plan. Horse manure if stored by itself will just about all burn up with fire-fang and be wasted. Mixed with cow manure he heating is greatly, if not entirely, lessened and so the value of the whole increased.

By using plenty of straw for bedding the cows we also added to the amount of home-made fertilizer produced on the farm. This aided much toward keeping the cows dry and clean while shut up in the barn through the winter season. Many farmers are not as careful about this as they might be. Their cows are left to lie on the bare, cold floor. They show it, too, in the filth-laden sides of their bodies.

Some have called me a crank on this subject of barnyard manure. That s all right. If I can save what naturally belongs to the farm and give it back to the farm, it seems to me that I am in that way making my farm so much the better. The fact is we might do much toward putting a stop to the ry of exhausted farming lands if we ould take more pains to save the fertility that naturally beloags to the form. By keeping more cows and feedog out all the stuff produced we can being our farms back to their native state of fertility. It is worth doing,

TRANSPLANTING BASKET.

It Will Prove a Great Convenience to the Gardener.

This simple and easily handled rarsplanting basket is a great con-



venience in transplanting young trees, shrubs, ornamental growths and flowering vegetable plants. It is made of galvanized wire, and as it is constructed in two halves exactly alike is easily put together and taken

mart as convenient. It is claimed, says Popular Mechanics, that plants grow as well in it as when turned, out of it, and that its use as a hanging basket is most convenient. The illustration shows a musk melon plant in a four-inch basket ready for transplanting.

FARM NOTES.

Scrub stock in the orchard, as anywhere else, will not yield good. No building should be used for dairy ows which is not well lighted, ventiaind and drained.

The manure and skim milk are a large part of the profits in dairying. nure and skim milk bring money just

Alfalfa in any form is eaten greedis of immense value to the land.

#### PRAISE THAT RINGS TRUE.

To The Weekly Star: Inclosed find postoffice order for five years' subscription to The Weekly Star. I like The Star because it is clean and unprejudiced. It sees the good in things without regard to the source or party from which it comes. I like The Star because it has convictions of its own and has the courage to proclaim these convictions. It does not seem that The Star is seeking popularity, but that it is seeking the truth and the justice of all things. Its politics is good government. These things have made The Star popular. We would probably be safe in saying that the position taken and maintained by The Star is unique. The Star ought to be in every home in the United States.-T. C. Allen, Lockwood, Mo.

#### DR. CHARLES GEIGER, PRACTICE LIMITED TO DISEASE OF WOMEN AND SURGERY. 609 Francis St., ST. JOSEPH. MO. Correspondence Solicited. Phone 771,

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PACIFIC COAST ily by most farm animals. Its growth and of immense value to the land

## The Misadventures of Parrish

By H. Gerald Chapin

(Copyright, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

As Parrish, our corpulent and absent-minded bookkeeper, told it next morning the story was not altogether devoid of humor.

"You all know," he began, "how I had to stay late fixing up a trial balance. It must have been fully 12 o'clock before I left the office. You also remember what kind of weather it was-sleet, snow, and all that. I was pretty well fagged out, and it did seem as though those everlasting columns of figures would never quit dancing up and down in my head. All the way over to my flat they kept it up, and, what with the cold and the figures, I knew it was no use trying to get any sleep just then. Now, the best thing in the world when you feel that way is a bath-hot or cold according to whether it's winter or summer-and I sneaked upstairs quiet, thinking how nice and restful one would feel. Mrs. Parrish is a light sleeper, so I slipped into the bathroom, turned on the water, undressed. and it didn't take me very long to drop in. Great Scott, didn't it feel fine! I just lay back still and quiet and almost dozed off right there and then.

"'Come, come,' I said to myself, 'this will never do,' and I started to get up-only started, mind you, for then the awful part of the evening began. Not an inch could I movestuck fast. I tried and tried to slew my shoulders around or to get some sort of a purchase on the edge of the tub, but the sides were high and it was no go. Then I tried to push up with my elbows. You know how impossible it is to get a mustard plaster off your own back. Well, it was just like that. I did get a little place loose, but it felt as though the skin had come off with it.

"You can bet I was scared, but this was nothing to what happened after-

"I told you I'd been thinking of figures and wondering how that things hadf't straightened themselves out. and well, I can't explain it, but, somehow, in looking around the bathroom for something to help pry myself loose with, the place struck me as considerably changed. Our medicine closet hadn't any mirror; Mrs. Parrish never hung the towels on a rack like that-why, those weren't our towels; that was a "C" marked on them. Good Heaven! I got all hot and cold at once. It wasn't our bathroom. Then it came over me like a flash. Our flat was on the fourth floor. We'd only lived there a week, and our previous flat, where we'd been five years, was on the third. In my awful absentmindedness I'd probably gone up two flights and, without thinking, walked right in. The keys just happened to fit. Same as it was in 'Called Back,' you remember.

"Now, if I was in a fix before, you can imagine what it was now. I simply had to get out. The new enamel seemed to get harder and harder all the time. They had put it on the day before, so I found out later, and while it was all right when I stepped in, the hot water had softened it.

"I must have lost my head here, for it struck me as a good scheme to pull out the plug with my toes. Of course, you can imagine the result. When all the hot water ran out the stuff got harder than ever-solidified, so to speak. Besides, it was cold-the janitor always let his fires get low at night-so I lay there and shivered. feeling more and more like a corpse in cold storage every minute.

"I suppose I must have made some noise, for the next thing on the program was when I heard a window open with a bang and some woman letting off a volley of yells. I tried to shout some sort of an explanation, but she wouldn't even come to the door to hear my story, and kept on howling 'Thieves!' 'Murder!' and every other thing that came into her silly head. I never did think much of that woman, anyway. She's the nervous, erratic kind, and I guess it's just as well her husband's on the road most of the time. If she was my wife I'd take to drink. Anyhow, they tell me she raised the entire block.

"'Where is he?' in a man's voice was what I heard next. 'Here, you come out of there.'

"Then, 'Aw, yes, yer can tell all that to the sergeant,' when I tried to explain. 'Are you comin' out of there or aren't yer, now?"

"Well, there isn't much more to tell. He broke down the door, of course. Mrs. Clay let out another yelp when she saw my doubled-up figure in the tub, and McGrath just gave one pull and had me clear. He then helped me to dress. Why, I can't lean back in my chair now.

"It goes without saying that Mrs. Clay refused to believe my story (she managed to recognize me in time so I wasn't carried off to the stationhouse) and said she knew I was drunk-end on top of all that, didn't I meet Mrs. Parrish face to face on the landing. She'd heard the noise and come down to investigate.

"No. I'm not going into details of what was said then. Sometimes when the truth is too preposterous, you can teil some sort of a plausible fiction, but here I couldn't even do that. It was around four a. m. when Mrs. Parrish agreed to consider the matter closed, and I guess I'm safe, as she didn't say a word when the reporters began dropping in about breakfast